



HIS OLD REGIMENT



It's Not What You Pay For Your Tires That Counts

It's what your tires pay you. Tens of thousands of experienced motorists and truck owners buy United States Tires as an investment in added safety, increased comfort and extra mileage. The handsome returns they get is ample proof that their confidence is warranted.

The line of United States Tires includes five separate and distinct types for passenger cars as well as two for trucks. Each is built to meet certain specific tire needs—and does its job to perfection.

It matters not what type of car you drive—passenger or commercial—or what kinds of roads you travel, among these United States Tires you will find exactly the ones to meet your individual requirements.

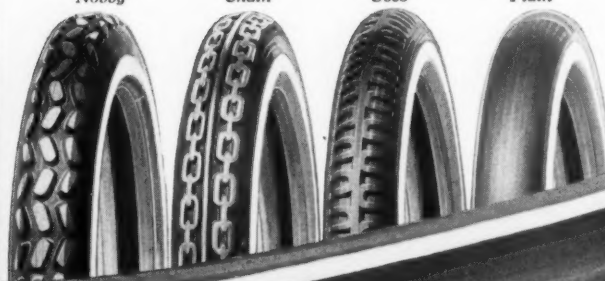
United States Tires are Good Tires

'Nobby'

'Chain'

'Usco'

'Plain'



For passenger and light delivery cars—'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain'. Also tires for motor trucks, cycles and airplanes.

'Royal Cord'



"GOOD-WILL, like a good name, is got by many actions and lost by one." Kelly Cords, before they were offered to the public, were made to undergo tests that would have, figuratively speaking, made an ordinary truck tire holler for help.

The Kelly Cord *had to be right*. We simply couldn't afford to make a mistake.





Spring is now here. Nature is beginning to get reckless. The sap is running. Outdoors is resuming its all-day stands. The trees are perking up. Love is getting on the firing line. The old mountain nooks are making ready for visitors. Beaches are warming up. Lighter thoughts are seeping into the inlets of the mind. Next Sunday will be Easter.

LIFE is beginning to feel the coming joy. We hope to get out some humorous numbers soon. From now on we are going to forget our responsibilities and crack an occasional joke.

Better subscribe at once for three months anyway (see coupon).

Obey that impulse.



Subscribe for yourself and for a Soldier or Sailor.

There are more than a million of our men still overseas, and they all like LIFE, the paper from home. The rate to the American Expeditionary Force is \$5 a year, provided no local foreign address be given.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13; Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

The Tube That Tests 100% Air-Tight

Flawless and Heavy—
Built Layer on Layer



THESE facts about tubes are important no matter what makes of tires you use. For under-inflation—due to leaky tubes—damages casings before you know it. There's not a flaw in Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—nothing to weaken and lead to leaks. The watch we keep in building Tubes prevents destructive "stowaways" from creeping in.

This tube is not molded—but built-up, layer on layer—on many sheets of rubber. Each sheet is examined by scientific methods, and only the perfect ones selected. Then we make Sure, *doubly* Sure. We give each tube a long inflation test. If, hour after hour, it maintains high pressure, the Miller O. K. seal goes on, but not before.

Miller Tubes, like Miller Uniform Tires, are built to a championship uniform standard. The remarkable service you find in the first you try, you will get in the next, and in all that come after.

To Dealers:

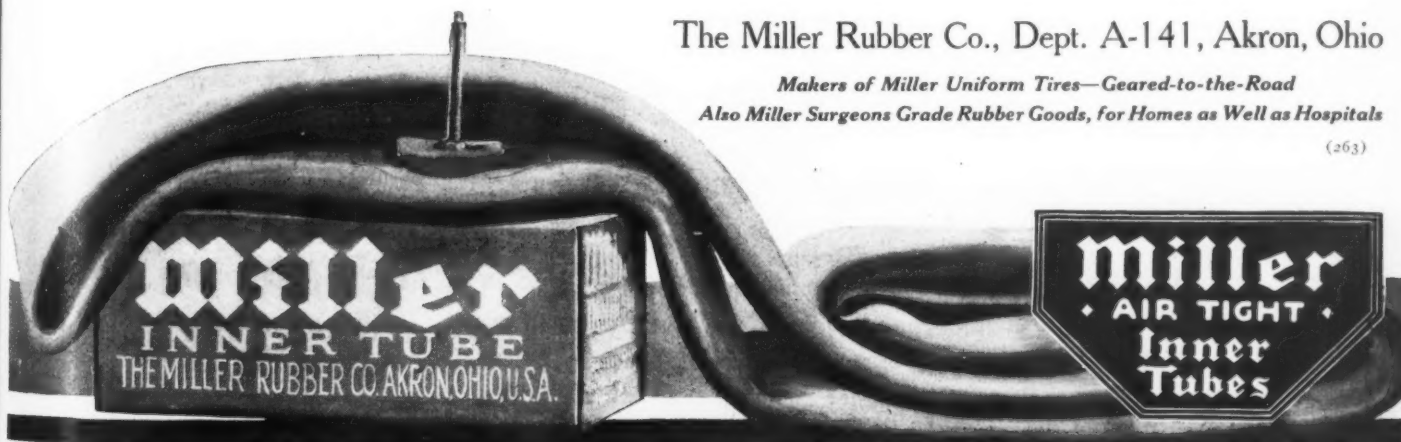
Regardless of the brand of tires you sell, the Miller Tube will help them make good. It's to your advantage to see that this tube goes into them. First you make more customers for tubes; second, you keep your tire trade better satisfied. Write us for tube samples and attractive proposition.

The Miller Rubber Co., Dept. A-141, Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Uniform Tires—Geared-to-the-Road

Also Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods, for Homes as Well as Hospitals

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PACKARD PRICE INSURANCE

In fairness and justice to all purchasers of Packard transportation units, whether Packard Trucks or the famous Twin Six Passenger Cars, we wish to make plain our position regarding prices for the coming year.



HE Packard policy is nothing short of absolute insurance of your investment at present price quotations. If at any period during 1919, by reason of lower costs of material and labor, or for any other reason, this Company finds it possible to make a price reduction, this reduction will not only be made, but made retroactive; and we will refund to every previous 1919 purchaser the full amount of the difference between the price he paid and the new price.

If, on the other hand, production costs should increase and a higher price become necessary, the present purchaser has the advantage of his investment, as the new price will apply only to those whose orders are received *after* the change is announced.

As we stated some weeks ago, Packard prices are carefully and accurately based on the cost of material and labor. There was no artificial inflation during the war, and costs have not decreased since we last manufactured for private consumption, consequently there is no leeway for a price reduction now.



If a reduction becomes possible every present buyer sees his investment protected and insured.

This policy, while unique in the automobile world today, is consistent with Packard policy, and seems to us the most fair and straightforward way of meeting present conditions.

Were we to make a guarantee that present prices would be maintained, it would mean a one-sided bargain in favor of the manufacturer, as it would prevent us giving the buyer a reduction, should material and labor costs justify a reduction.

The Packard Company makes a greater percentage of all the parts that enter into its car than is made by any other fine automobile concern in America. It does this because it cannot buy and assemble parts that are up to the Packard standard of service and quality.

Skilled labor of necessity enters very largely into the production of so beautiful, so simple and so proficient a mechanism.



The net result is that the upkeep of a Packard Twin Six is less than that of compromise cars at half or two-thirds the Packard price.

To the man who can afford the first cost, a Packard delivers utility value for every dollar of his investment, greater economy, less depreciation, and it does not ask him or his family to compromise in the service, the comfort, the safety of their motoring.

From present indications there will not be enough of either Packard cars or trucks to meet the demand this year.

Trucks are ready for immediate delivery. Your order for a Packard Twin Six passenger car of any model should be registered with your Packard dealer at once to insure late spring delivery.

"Ask the Man Who Owns One"

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit

Transportation Specialists — for freight or passenger service
by high road or air route—Trucks, Passenger Cars and Airplanes

LIFE



REMINISCENCES

"AND RIGHT THERE, COMRADE, IS WHERE I SWAM THE RIVER WITH THE DISPATCHES AND GOT THIS BULLET IN MY SHOULDER"

What Big Brother Bill Did in France

(If You Can Take Little Bobbie's Word for It)

FELLED a whole regiment of Germans with his bare fists, and had them all securely bound by the time they became conscious enough to be marched into camp.

Caught a flying grenade with one hand and hurled it back, demolishing the enemy's trench—incidentally turning the tide of battle.

Headed an early morning expedition to the enemy's lines and surprised several thousand Germans still asleep in their dug-outs.

Shot the tip of the Crown Prince's nose off one day from a tree-top in the Argonne forest.

Became the personal favorite of General Pershing and played game after game of pinochle with him after the day's heat of battle.

Captured von Hindenburg strolling through the woods, but was forced to relinquish him when he began to exhale poison gas.

Made his personal exploits reach the ear of the Kaiser, who thereupon lapsed into protracted periods of melancholy and shortly afterwards abdicated.



ROADS OF DESTINY

Classified Ads

FOR SALE—Twenty or more war songs rendered of no use to the present owner by the signing of the armistice. X-7612, LIFE.

WANTED—A federal law making it a felony to compose, publish, play or sing any new peace song. X-7613, LIFE.



THAT FIRST IMPULSE WHEN SOMEONE APPROACHES WITH
A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION



"SORRY, MADAM, BUT YOUR ACCOUNT IS ALREADY OVER-DRAWN!"

"WELL, WHAT OF IT, YOUNG MAN? HAVEN'T I A RIGHT TO DO WHAT I LIKE WITH MY OWN ACCOUNT?"

That Salary Check

TEN years ago it was \$100 a month. We paid \$30 of it for food, \$15 for rent, \$7.50 for a cook, and had the rest to live on. We wore good clothes, got a bit ahead, and felt ourselves prosperous citizens and leading members of the community.

Now it is \$300. We pay \$100 of it for food, \$50 for rent, \$25 for a cook, \$16.84 in taxes, and try to pay bills to the amount of \$175 with what is left. We get hungry often, wear old clothes, and carry a haunted look in our eyes as we walk to our office, dodging the new cars of day-laborers and thinking of bill-collectors.



THE SCARLET LETTER

Romance

HE was just an ordinary clerk, living alone in a cheap rooming-house, up three flights of stairs. But, like the rest of us, he had his dreams and air-castles, and an imaginary romance that had nothing to do with the facts of everyday existence.

Some day he would marry an heiress . . . beautiful . . . desired by many. It would be love at first sight, and he would carry her off from her circle of other admirers, like Lochinvar of old. She would have great dark eyes, a smile like the glow of morning, gowns like the models in the modiste's shop on Fifth Avenue, and a manner born to a queen.

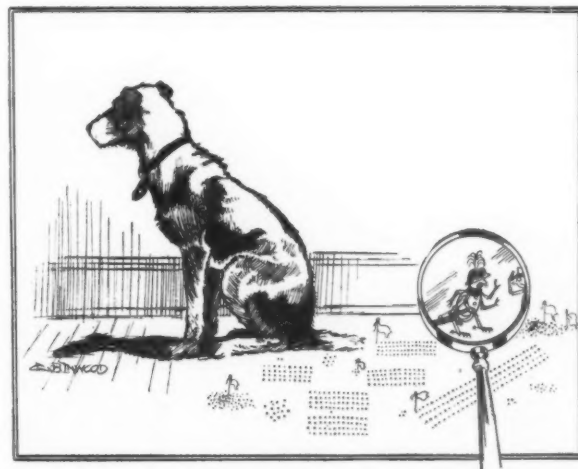
Each morning he would go to his humble work, dreaming these dreams and hoping that to-day would be the day!

And he never noticed the plain, quiet little housemaid who stood at the door as he passed out . . . and watched him, love in her eyes, the wistfulness of motherhood in her face, and an unsung lullaby upon her lips.

DIVORCES, according to statistics, are increasing twice as fast as marriages. It is therefore only a question of time when there will be twice as many divorces as marriages.

CRAWFORD: Only a while ago that old friend of yours said he'd be satisfied if he could live long enough to see the Allies win the war.

CRABSHAW: Now he's hoping to survive to see the Germans pay the indemnity.



Marshal Flea: THE FIFTH ARMY WILL OCCUPY THE LINE FROM THE LEFT EAR RUNNING SOUTH OVER THE SHOULDER-BLADE AND SOUTHEAST TO THE SECOND LUMBAR VERTEBRAE.

The Biograph

LEONARD WOOD

WHEN only Pacifists were Good,
And Woodrow wouldn't, Leonard
would.

He urged a Moderate Petition
For Soldiers, Guns and Ammunition,
Because if War *should* be Declared,
It might not Hurt to be Prepared.
Such Ardor, wholly Out of Season,
Was, patently, Constructive Treason,
As Wicked Preparation for
Emergencies produces War.
So, when the Arms for which he
Pleaded
And First Class Fighting Men were
needed,

They wouldn't let him Go Across
For Being Right before his Boss.
He didn't Cry and spoil his Beauty,
But Held his Tongue and Did his Duty
As oft before through Lively Times
Of Peace and War in Tropic Climes.
And when we want a Man who's
Steady,
Clear-minded, Fearless, Trained and
Ready,
Should Auld Acquaintance Be For-
got?—
Why, no, I fancy Rather Not!

Arthur Guiterman.

Advice to Those Who Reach 100

WHEN you reach one hundred, what
are you going to do about it? Re-
member this is considered by many
thoughtful experts to be the dangerous
age.

Do not be misled by your feelings.
As you approach one hundred you may
notice that you are friskier than ever.
But this is the very time when you
should be temperate.

Do not smoke more than fifteen
cigars a day. Avoid too much alcohol.
Confine yourself to a couple of bottles
of beer, and not over a quart of
whiskey.

Marry occasionally, but not too often.

MRS. NURICH: You were never
cut out for a millionaire. The finest
clothes in the world wouldn't make you
look prosperous.

NURICH: I guess you're right, my
dear. We've been in New York two
weeks now, and I haven't been held up
yet.



AFTER WAITING FOR NINE HUNDRED YEARS, METHUSELAH FINALLY RECEIVES
HIS BACK PAY FOR SERVICE IN THE ARMY

RECENT reports would seem to indicate that Secretary Baker loves the Amer-
ican doughboy almost as much as he does the conscientious objector.



THE SURPRISE OF A PROHIBITIONIST WHO, TRAVELING IN A DRY STATE, AND NOT
KNOWING THE "CODE," SENDS HIS SHOES TO BE HALF-SOLED



Mrs. Smith:
Mrs. Brown:
Mrs. Jones:
Mrs. Robinson:

FOR GOODNESS' SAKE! HOW DID THAT

ROBINSON
JONES
BROWN
SMITH

WOMAN EVER MANAGE TO
GET INVITED HERE?

A Disagreement

BRIGGS: Well, it looks as if we would have a League of Nations.

GRIGGS: Maybe on the face of it—but it will never work.

BRIGGS (*slightly satirical*): You n't believe in it, then?

GRIGGS: It doesn't mean anything. You can't stop war.

BRIGGS (*slightly red*): Then you don't believe that Woodrow Wilson can stop war?

GRIGGS: Woodrow Wilson! Ha! That's a joke. He couldn't stop anything—not even his typewriter.

BRIGGS (*turning white*): Do you mean to tell me that you don't believe that Woodrow Wilson is the greatest man in the world? Do you dare imply that?

GRIGGS: He didn't keep us out of war. He is the most pronounced partisan we've had in years and the cleverest politician. He is not now the choice of the majority. He has appointed the biggest group of pinheads to run things ever let loose from an asylum for the feeble-minded, and he has abandoned his country for a dream.

BRIGGS (*shaking with rage*): If I didn't believe in peace I'd punch you in the face. But time will—

GRIGGS: Old man, I take it all back. I was only joking. Testing you out. Woodrow is a corker. Greatest man in the world to-day. This ignoble petty



"I HAD AN EIGHTEEN-PAGE LETTER FROM JACK TO-DAY. HE WRITES THE MOST THRILLING DESCRIPTIONS."

"OF WHAT?"

"OF HOW MUCH HE LOVES ME."



Little Girl: I'M JUST SHOWIN' HIM WHAT WE COULD GET FOR A NICKEL IF WE HAD IT.

opposition to him is awful! I only hope he'll be the supreme head.

BRIGGS: Mean that?

GRIGGS: Sure.

BRIGGS: Well, of course I believe in him—still, I don't know that he ought to be the supreme head. You mustn't forget that this is a democracy. We must have two sides. Criticism of the party in power is essential. I've always been doubtful of Baker. And as for Creel—

GRIGGS: Not one word about them. Woodrow Wilson knows his business.

BRIGGS: That may be true. But you know what power does to a man. Then

again I sometimes think that Wilson is inclined to be secretive. And I didn't quite like the way he tried to get his supporters into the Senate.

GRIGGS: Not a word against him. I won't stand for it.

BRIGGS (*flushing*): I'm not saying anything against him.

GRIGGS: No, but you were implying that he isn't perfect—that he is a human being just like the rest of us.

BRIGGS: By Jove! So he is!

GRIGGS: Shake!

BRIGGS (*the truth dawning on him that, after all, they are fully agreed*): Here's how!

This Season's Pest

Swing upon him with a vim.
Whale the daylights out of him
Ask your neighbor to assist.
Thrash the insect. Use your fist.

Take a little powder-gun,
Hold it ready. Squirt it, son.
End each crawling, sneaking one.

Reams of sticky paper buy.
Ever keep your swatter nigh.
Down it now—the Bolshefly.

Terrell Love Holliday.

Home!

IT is said that home is the place where a man hangs his hat, but with a woman it is different. There is a rocker with a worn cushion, a clock that doesn't keep time, a quilt that is worn, a strip of carpet that is faded, a few old family pictures, an old-fashioned vase, a meat platter, a cup and a few plates that do not match and are chipped around the edges. These, and a few more, known in feminine lan-



"HEY, BILL! LISTEN! THERE'S A COUPLE O' GUYS HAVIN' A TERRIBLE FIGHT ON THE OTHER SIDE O' THIS HEDGE!"

guage as "her own things," are needed, in the final reckoning, to make a place a home for a woman.

TEACHER: What is an alibi?

BRIGHT BOY: Being somewhere where you ain't.



HOW TIMES SQUARE IS GOING TO LOOK TO A BROADWAY JOHNNY

A Rococo Idyl.

by
Rodney Thomson

¹
Once a sweet Rococo Maiden
in a lone Rococo glade
Decided 'twould be darling
the Rococo brook
to wade.

²
So she doffed her satin slippers and her silk Rococo hose
And in the brooklet dabbled her wee, pink Rococo toes.

⁵
Did he smite the rustic Ruffian
with his tried Rococo steel?
Did he rend, destroy and crush him
'neath his proud Rococo heel?

⁶
Did he soothe the swooning Maiden
with Rococo words of cheer,
Whispering sweet Rococo nothings
in her soft Rococo ear?

³
Now a rude Rococo Rustic through that woodland
wandered free.
And the Maiden at her wading this rude Rustic chanced
Low he crouched in rustic fashion 'neath the
tall Rococo trees
floating o'er the wading Maiden
and her plump Rococo knees!

⁴
Next upon the scene came strolling a Rococo Cavalier
Who beheld the spying Rustic with a cold Rococo
sneer.

⁷
Gentle Reader, I regret to say, that Sullout rudely stood
And rubbed with the Rustic—
just as any of us would!



Bro. Howe's Handsome Offer

BRO. E. W. HOWE of Atchison, Kansas, complains of LIFE because he was lately recommended in it as a man with "a remarkable gift for forming and imparting wrong and sometimes malignant opinions that will excite any right-minded person to execration." Bro. Howe does not admit that he possesses this gift. In his admirable monthly publication, "Devoted," as its title runs, "to Indignation and Information," he enumerates some of his virtues as a writer and a man, and says that if the malignant opinions he advocates can be pointed out to him he will quit them.

This is an unusual offer. Everything about Bro. Howe is unusual. But there is so much in the world that needs reforming more urgently than he does, that acceptance of his invitation on any large scale will have to be deferred. If there are any particulars in which the folks in this world can safely be left as they are, for goodness' sake, let's leave them so!

But here's one casual particular in which, possibly, Bro. Howe can be helped. He speaks in his February number of reading in the paper that the National War Work campaign is calling for strong and attractive young women to go overseas as entertainers for the army, and that "the most suitable entertainer for the lovesick boys in Europe is found to be the American girl."

"Is not that foolish?" he says. "Is it not vulgar?" and he goes on about it.



Managing Editor: IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, THEY'VE JUST DEPORTED OUR LAST SUBSCRIBER!



THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN

Zeus: HURRY, HEBE, AND GET THE FATTED CALF OUT OF COLD-STORAGE.
MARS HAS COME BACK TO OLYMPUS

Yes, Bro. Howe, it is foolish as it stands, and even vulgar, but that is because a word that presumably started on its rounds as "homesick" has been twisted into "lovesick." Lots of our youngsters have been bored and homesick in Europe, and have been cheered in the most wholesome fashion possible by the women of the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and other organizations, who have gone over there to look after them. That is an admirable work if you get the right sort of young women to undertake it. But they have to be hand-picked. They must have judgment. Our young men in Europe are separated from their womenkind. To see and talk to nice girls now and then does them lots of good.

If

"*Si jeunesse savait!*" sigh we:
Turn the sunrise gold to gray?
Where would song and story be,
'Si jeunesse savait?

Who would tread the primrose way,
Wise in briers' cruelty?
Who could trust the skies of May?

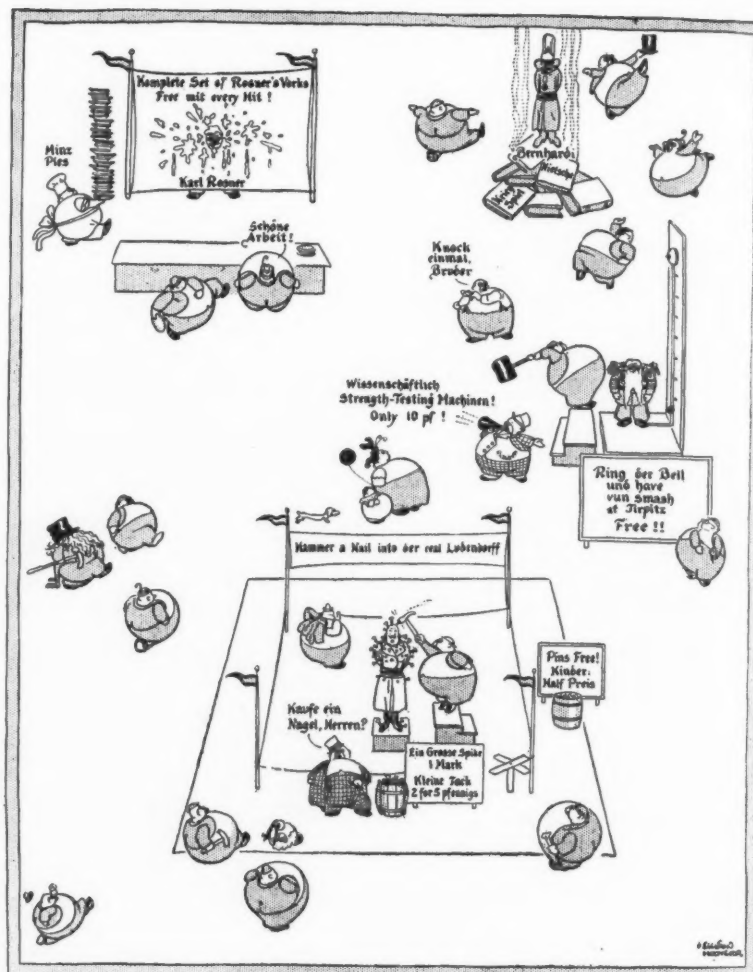
What of love's young ecstasy?
Who would dare the price to pay?
Such a wistful world—ah me!
Si jeunesse savait!

Corinne Rockwell Swain.

Mormon Displeasures

VARIOUS Mormon correspondents, resident hereabouts, complain of remarks in LIFE of March 20th, to effect that Senator Borah's opposition to the League of Nations was influenced by the fact that a large proportion of his political backers in Idaho are Mormons.

LIFE had advices to that effect from Idaho, but they may have been mistaken, and it is possible, as our complaining correspondents seem to think, that Mormon sentiment generally favors the League of Nations, and that Borah's attitude is purely personal and unaffected by any sentiments of his constituents. Borah said that if "the Saviour of mankind" came back and advocated the League of Nations, he would still oppose it. LIFE's question—



BERLINER BOLSHEVIKI HABEN EIN FEST



"ARE YOU THE FOOL-KILLER? YOU MUST BE LOOKING FOR OUR CONGRESSMAN."

"HE CAN WAIT. JUST NOW I'M AFTER HIS CONSTITUENTS."

What would he do if Jo Smith, the Mormon prophet, came back and advocated it?—has not been answered.

Both Utah and Idaho were for Wilson in the last election, and the big Mormon auditorium in Salt Lake City was opened to Mr. Taft and Dr. van Dyke to speak in when they were on the stump for the League. Both these facts favor the opinions of the Mormons who write to us that Mormons as a rule favor the League.

And they fought well in the war, and they are good farmers, and good people of business, and remarkably organized by their Church, and there is nothing much the matter with them, except that they are tied up to a religion whose roots are in polygamy, and to a paternalistic church working always for its own ends and handling its people with great skill. There is nothing much the matter with the Mormons, except that they are Mormons. The younger generations of them who do not know about the Mountain Meadow massacre, and have, perhaps, only a limited acquaintance with polygamy, probably do not understand why Mormonism is looked upon by outsiders as an ailment.



IN ARID TERRITORY

Officer: YOUR HONOR, I CAN'T FIND OUT WHERE HE GOT THE LIQUOR.
His Honor: LEAVE HIM TO ME, AND I WILL—AHM—SEE WHAT I CAN DO.

Poverty

POVERTY is the greatest of physicians. His method is prophylactic rather than therapeutic, but in point of results he is in a class by himself.

His practice attests the efficacy of the ounce of prevention in big doses.

Poverty ranks high as a surgeon, too. Nobody else cuts out so many things that are not good for us.

In a way he has the respect of the profession. Where he is in charge of a case no other practitioner is apt to interfere.

IT seems to take a great deal of time for President Wilson to convince all the members of the United States Senate that he is wrong.



BARNYARD NOTE

MR. AND MRS. BUFF-COCHIN HAVE ENGAGED MR. YALLER PUP TO SCRATCH FOR THEM THROUGHOUT THE COMING SEASON



"JACK, THAT AISLE DOESN'T SEEM LONG NOW, DOES IT?"

A Mad Revel

IT was the dawn of a new, dry day. The stork had also come to the house of one Billby, and he was correspondingly jubilant. He wanted to celebrate. He must celebrate. So he started out with that fire in his veins that means a glad time in the old town to-night. The first man he met was Horner. "Hello, Horner, old man! Yes, it's a boy—seven pounds! Come on! Nothing's too good!"

They stepped into a corner drug store, that deadly abode of sin.

"Give me fifty cents' worth of chewing gum," said Billby. "Here! Take a couple of rounds!"

That was the beginning of the end.

At nine-fifteen o'clock that night Horner led Billby to the latter's piazza.

"Old fellow," he chortled, "we certainly have had one scream of a time. I feel like a four-time winner—monarch of all I survey. I've had eighteen malted milks, ten nut sundaes and two pounds of peppermints."

"Yes," said Billby, as he leaned up against the side of the piazza while a trained nurse was making preparations to roll him into the house. "But I had all that and more. You didn't have what I had."

"What did you have that I didn't have?"

"I had a cocktail. Ha! Ha! Whoop!"

"A cocktail! Where did you get it?"

"Why, when you were talking to that clerk where we got the snowball soufflés, I slipped around the corner and had a wet Bryan Martini. Whoop!"

"What is in it?"

"Whipped cream and cochineal. Whoop!"



THAT GOVERNMENT-OPERATED PHONE

Letters

I HATE writing letters.

I hate the paper and the spluttery old fountain-pen or dull, slippery, snub-nosed pencil.

I hate the things they make me say and the things they let me forget to say.

I hate the beautiful sentences and rounded periods that slip away and dissolve into mist when I try to write them down.

I hate the choppy sentences and misbegotten English that I really do put down.

I hate the misunderstandings and false impressions my letters cause.

I hate the date, the superscription, the address, the body and all upper and nether and other parts of the letter.

I hate the feeling of stupidity and incompetence that comes over me every time I see a piece of writing-paper.

I hate knowing that I should have written the letter long ago.

I hate writing letters. But above all—I hate myself for hating to write letters.

I LOVE to get letters.

I love the anticipatory thrill when the lugle blows mail-call.

I love even the sergeant when he calls off my name.

I love the feel of the letter before it is opened—the stamp—the postmark—the ink—the blurry marks made by the cancelling machine.

I love tearing the envelope open neatly at one end.



THE HOLY TERROR

Lady: THEY SAY FATHER HOOLEY ADVANCED TO THE ATTACK WITH A PRAYER-BOOK IN ONE HAND AND A BOMB IN THE OTHER.

"THEY'RE ALWAYS THRYIN' T' BELITTLE A GOOD MAN, MUM."

"WHY, ISN'T IT TRUE?"

"NO, LADY; HE HAD BOMBS IN BOTH HANDS."

I love the visions and dreams that are invoked by the letter.

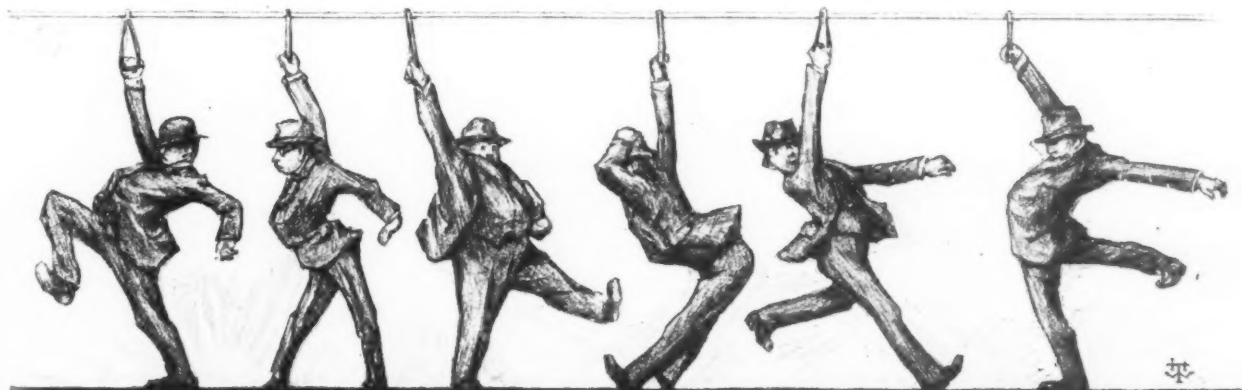
I love all the little clippings and notes and notices that come dropping out of the letter.

I love the lack of date upon the letter.

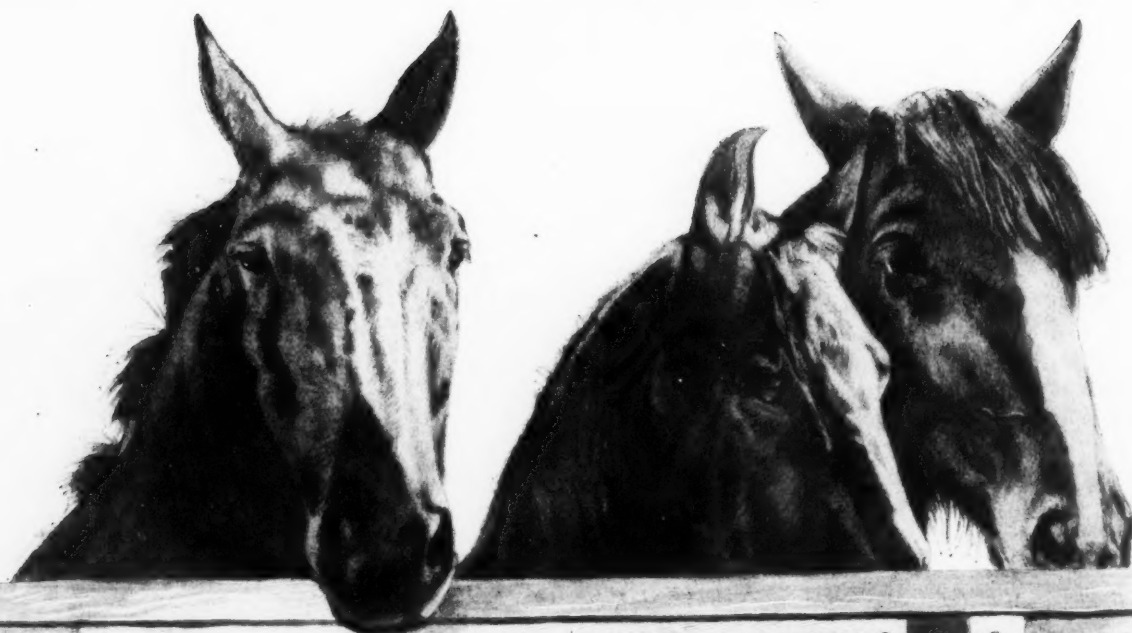
I love the slanting lines and the in-between lines.

I love the beginning and the end and the whole in-betweens of the letter.

I love getting letters. But above all—I love the girl who writes me the letters.



SUGGESTION FOR ONE OF THE MUSICAL SHOWS
STRAPHANGERS' DANCE



MAUD
GRANT-FORD
1917

In the Spring . . .

THE Rhine flows down like a ribbon, down.
The fellows have all gone off to the town.

They tried to get me to go with them, too;
But I am out over the hills with you!

Am I looking downhearted? I don't know.
But there's plenty of reason if that is so.

For I've been seeing, through half-shut eyes,
A spot in the woods—our paradise:

The little old hut on the edge of the lake,
Where I rolled the spuds in the coals to bake;

No one to bother us—just you and me—
Happy and careless and young and free:

Where the world was a futurists' dream of blue.
(But the last word from home said they'd buried you!)

The fellows are all coming back from the town,
Where the Rhine flows down like a ribbon, down.

Lord! how can they whistle and laugh and sing,
When my dog is dead—and at home it's spring!

Joseph Andrew Galahad.

Don't Worry, Miss Lawrence

MISS LAWRENCE, general secretary of the International Sunday School Association, is worried because God has not been mentioned or recognized in the covenant of the League of Nations. God, she says, is recognized as present in the Declaration of Independence and in Lincoln's Gettysburg address, and in the darkest days of the Civil War "In God We Trust" was put on the silver dollar.

But, after all, Miss Lawrence does not assert that God is mentioned in the Constitution of the United States, and the covenant of the League is much more like that than like the Declaration of Independence or the Gettysburg address. God, as commonly understood in the incomplete way in which mortal mind can understand Him, is omnipresent. He is in everything; in support of what is good in it, and in conflict with what is bad in it. To put His name in the League covenant would not strengthen the weak articles if any are weak, or save the covenant from going bust if it does not accord with Omnipotent policy. These political documents are human and faulty. The Holy Alliance had the name of God in it abundantly, and went to pot. Miss Lawrence ought to read it.

"SIR, this is a golden opportunity! Small investment, no risk, and enormous returns absolutely sure."

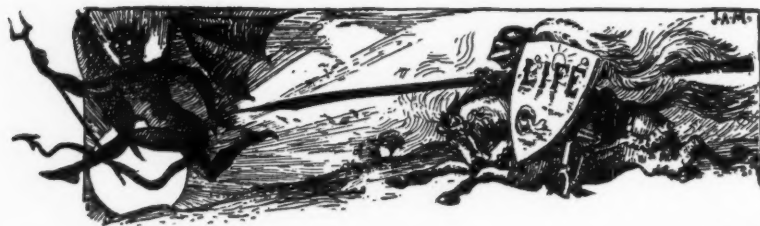
"Then I wouldn't have the heart to deprive you of it."

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"DON'T YOU THINK YOU COULD LEARN TO LOVE ME?"

"AND KEEP UP WITH ALL MY OTHER ENGAGEMENTS?"



APRIL 17
1919

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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the Peace Conference produced a peace, it would be a gain to tranquillity of mind and very little loss of time.

It cannot be doubted that the delegates are working hard—Mr. Wilson, at this writing, is temporarily disabled by his exertions—but the task is evidently immensely difficult, and very fluctuating. To-day one thing is impossible; to-morrow, another; at least that is what our faithful newspapers tell us. If one reads enough newspapers one cannot but despair of seeing this poor, bedeviled world pulled out of the hole it is in. The papers that oppose the League are quite confident that it is a vanished hope or an aborted plot, just as you prefer. Bro. Simonds, who was quite strong for it for a while, now sends wild cries to the *Tribune* saying it is dead, and explaining why, at great cost of cable tolls, Bro. Brisbane-Hearst keeps screeching in large type that it is all a British conspiracy and must perish, and the *Sun* plugs along, sometimes in long, leaded columns, and sometimes less ostentatiously, but always faithful to the proposition that it is up to the Republican party to beat Wilson and all his works.

As to the idea of the League, the need of it, and its usefulness, there has been no change for weeks, and since Mr. Root wrote his letter there has been no important new criticism of details. The trouble now at Paris is

IF the season were just a little further advanced and the world could go off and play golf somewhere until

about terms of peace; how much can Germany pay, and how it shall be shared, and about new boundaries, and the disposition of ports on the eastern coast of the Adriatic, and the limits and the ports of the new Poland, and such matters—oh, a whole Pandora's box of them.



REALLY it seems desperate. Mr. Wilson, one gathers, is fighting for the principles of the fourteen points, which declared against hogging, and others, driven by the plight of their distressed countries, are striving desperately to get what they can for their own. And the wranglers are tired, and the Bolsheviks are, apparently, crowding, and the world is waiting and grumbling with horrible impatience! Let no one grieve that he is not a delegate to the Paris Peace Congress. It is a bad job, in which anyone implicated must rejoice if he gets out alive.

Nevertheless, at the bottom of Pandora's box was Hope, and Hope is immortal, and always begins again just when things are blackest. Our great ally in our hopes for a League and a Peace is Necessity. Those delegates must pull something off.

And they may be nearer to it than appears. What the papers get just now is mostly tattle. There are a lot of correspondents in Paris with wages to earn and space to fill, and every day they send something. Sometimes it is news, and sometimes it is merely noise, and, as suggested, if we could lay aside

all our cosmic responsibilities and play golf till something really happens, we would not lose any time. The gentlemen who are on the peace job must thrash it out. Still, as heretofore, our delegation is striving for something equitable enough to last. With nothing to gain for these States except a condition of world-peace that has a chance of being maintained, they seem to be fighting patiently for such a settlement as will stand the tests of time. The immense needs and deserts of France, and the profound sympathy that all feeling people must have for her, and the deep concern, for civilization's sake, to leave her hopeful and active, add to the difficulties of the case. Peace must not leave France prostrated. The German plan to destroy her factories and put her out of business must not succeed. And it is the same with Belgium. The reparation to be contrived for those countries must be of a sort that will restore their industrial activity before Germany has time to gobble up their trade. It is a problem of the utmost difficulty. To cede the Saar valley coal mines to France for good would not do, but to give her the Saar coal for several years until her own mines are restored looks more practicable.

And there are the complicated aspirations of Italy to consider, conflicting as they do with the hopes of the Serbs and Croats! These are great difficulties, and our delegates, trying to hold the balance, are not helped by the violent cries at home. But the too-long lane has a turn in it, and perhaps the expectation of a treaty ready by April 15th and signed by April 30th will be realized.



THE desire of people hereabouts who have friends or relatives in the Seventy-seventh Division to have that division parade in New York is strong and natural and legitimate. There is as much interest in the Seventy-seventh as there was in the Twenty-seventh. The services of one were as gallant and distinguished as of the other. The Seventy-seventh trained nearby, and that increased the local interest shared by both divisions



HOW HE TREATS CANDIDATES FOR THE MELTING POT

as rival products of New York State.

There is every reason why the Seventy-seventh should parade here. The trouble is the strength of the difficulties of it. The War Department strained many points to make the parade of the Twenty-seventh as a division. It rushed the men through France past other men whose turn had come and who complained that "politics" was favoring the Twenty-seventh. Such complaints were not printed in the papers, but they came in letters. As the Twenty-seventh's men came they were held in the nearby camps, some of them for two or three weeks, making those camps unavailable for the demobilization of other troops and delaying the whole movement homewards of our men abroad. That was not really fair, and troops held back by it knew why they were delayed, and, naturally, did not like it. The War Department having done that once to gratify New York does not wish to do it again. It is glad to have the men of the Seventy-seventh parade as they come in, but it does not want to hold them in camps here until the whole division gets over, and so delay

the home-coming of other troops just as deserving as the good men of the Seventy-seventh. But it will do the best it can to get the whole division over at once and parade it.



A LETTER to this paper begins: "LIFE's antipathy to the Irish is distressing, if the cartoons published in its issues represent its state of mind."

Then let us hope they don't. Aggressive cartoons seldom represent a complete or permanent state of mind. They much more often represent an emotion, stirred by some passing situation, and evanescent. They are apt to miss fine distinctions. They are not words; they are action. They hit at something that seems to need hitting, and sometimes they hit hard, and hurt.

What cartoons our correspondent speaks of does not appear, but, of course, LIFE has no antipathy to the Irish, and ought not to have, and, we

hope, does not have, antipathy to the people of any race. If it has such antipathies it fails by so much to be a good citizen of this present world.

For certainly this is no time for race antipathies, while all decent people are trying to promote a plan for the inhabitants of this world to live together without quarreling. If there was ever a time when it was suitable to cultivate race dislikes, this is not it. We deprecate the zeal of those Irish who would destroy Great Britain, and the impatience of those British who would maul Ireland to a pulp. We see wickedness in the efforts of newspaper owners who practice incessantly to sow distrust between the yellow races and the white. There are individuals in every race, antipathy to whom is creditable, but indiscriminate race antipathies are awful trouble-breeders. No one who aspires to sanity should cultivate or tolerate them in himself or encourage them in others.

Civilization cannot be based on feuds. The business of the Peace Congress now working is to get it off of that foundation and put it on some better underpinning.



· L I E ·



C. BROUGHTON

After h



Harbingers of Summer



THE energetic Ringlings having attached to their own interests those of the historic Barnum and Bailey circus, the result is not an apparently bigger entertainment, but really a better one than in recent years. This is achieved not so much by the addition of startling new features as by giving the old favorites a new twist and freshening them up. There are some citizens of this town who go to the circus every spring with the same religious regularity that others go to church every Easter. None of them expects to find much novelty in the experience, but there is an inward urging that will not be denied.

The adult who, yielding to this urge, has gone to the circus alone or with others of mature age has been more or less bored during recent seasons with the lack of novelty. This year someone has evidently taken hold of most of the old

acts and put new life into them. Even the clowns and their work have been edited. They may be fewer in number, but what they do is mostly clever instead of mostly stupid.

Of course the real way to enjoy a circus is to take a kiddie. You won't have to beg, borrow or steal one for the purpose. Just whisper your desire to the circumambient atmosphere. And if it happens to be a poor kiddie who otherwise couldn't go—well, the quality of mercy will have nothing on you for blessedness.



"IOLANTHE" was the last production of the organization which all winter has been giving light operas at the Park Theatre. That daintiest of the Gilbert and Sullivan products was badly butchered in some particulars, but with a good orchestra and a fair chorus it is impossible to destroy all its beauty.

The season's experience of the Society of American Singers has demonstrated that there is a solid constituency in New York for this class of entertainment. Sufficiently backed and properly managed, an enterprise of the kind giving adequate performances should become a solid institution in New York and a valuable improver of light music. Inadequate rehearsal, over-self-importance of some of the principals and departures from tradition have been the main defects in some presentations by this organization. If it is to survive and its faults are corrected, there is no reason why it should not find profit in New York and a glad welcome for supplementary tours to other cities. But to do this it will have to improve its standard of staging and performance. And here's heartily



WHY JOHNNIE HUNG AROUND THE STAGE DOOR

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hoping someone will have the money, the nerve and the ability to add such an organization to New York's permanent attractions.



"TAKE IT FROM ME" is a curious contraption. In a fashion it's a girl-and-music show, in another it's burlesque, and in another it's farce, and, all in all, it's sheer, flapdoodle nonsense. One may rather blush for one's own mentality for being amused at its silly fun, but, in spite of the blushes, one cannot well help being more or less amused with it. For instance, the idea of the proprietor of a department store putting his floor-walkers on roller-skates, so that normally languid gentry can get about more rapidly, is here worked out with laugh-inspiring results. The vampire idea seemed to have been worked through all its possibilities, especially in the movies, but it remained for Vera Michelena to give us in this show the last word in lurid vamping. The music is not noteworthy, but it is sufficient to its purpose, and the chorus young persons are far from stingy in displaying their charms. Therefore, any time you feel especially vapid, "Take It From Me" will about fit your case.



THE prosperous times in the theatre, the war, the income tax, the employment of thought in more serious directions.



Astor.—"East Is West," by Messrs. Shipman and Hymer, with Fay Bainter. Chinese-American life in San Francisco the basis of a rather picturesque drama.

Belasco.—"Last week of 'Tiger! Tiger!'" by Edward Knoblock. Well played study in bachelor morality in London.

Belmont.—"The Burgomaster of Belgium," by Maeterlinck. Moving drama epitomizing the Prussian outraging of Belgium.

Bijou.—"A Sleepless Night," by Messrs. Larric and Blum. Not wonderfully laughable bedroom farce.

Bosch.—"The Woman in Room 13," by Messrs. Shipman and Marcin. Melodrama made interesting by its ingenious mixing of crime and divorce.

Broadhurst.—"39 East," by Rachel Crothers. Laughable boarding-house comedy with a touch of sentiment.

Casino.—"Sometime," by Young and Friml. Girl-and-music show with the usual allurements.

Central.—"Somebody's Sweetheart," by Messrs. Price and Baftinn. Nonett's fiddling in a fairly amusing girl-and-music show.

Century Roof.—"Cabaret between midnight and breakfast."

Cohan and Harris.—"The Royal Vagabond." An unusually vivacious girl-and-music show.

Cohan's.—"A Prince There Was," by Mr. George M. Cohan, with the author in the leading rôle. Laughable comedy of contemporary New York life.

Comedy.—"Toby's Bow," by Mr. J. T. Foote. Charming played comely with Virginia atmosphere.

Cost.—"The Better 'Ole," by Messrs. Bairnsfather and Eliot. All the fun of the British Tommy in the trenches.

Criterion.—"Three Wise Fools," by Mr. Austin Strong. Diverting drama of New York bachelor life.

Eltinge.—"Up in Mabel's Room," by Messrs. Collison and Harbach. Bedroom farce based on the dramatic possibilities of a bit of feminine lingerie.

Empire.—"Dear Brutus," by Sir J. M. Barrie, with Mr. William Gillette. Character analyzed in clever fantastic comedy.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Come-on Charley," by Mr. George V. Hobart. Notice later.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Take It From Me," by Messrs. Johnstone and Anderson. See above.

Fulton.—"Please Get Married," by Messrs. Cullen and Browne. Highly laughable bedroom farce.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. Laughable comedy of life and divorce in Reno.



The Playwright: EVERY BROADWAY MANAGER HAS TURNED IT DOWN.
"QUIT YOUR BRAGGING."

or something else unusual, seems to have deprived us of a class of citizens who not long ago were continually making themselves heard. These were the uplifters of the drama. It is, of course, possible that the war, directly and indirectly, gave them something really to do, and that with the cessation of war activities we shall again hear their wise voices in the land.

Metcalfe.

Globe.—"The Honor of the Family," with Mr. Otis Skinner. Delightfully acted French comedy.

Greenwich Village.—"Hobohemia," by Mr. Sinclair Lewis. Burlesque of America's counterfeit Latin Quarter.

Harris.—"A Good Bad Woman," by Mr. W. A. Maguire.

Henry Miller's.—"Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans," by Mr. Laurence Eyre, with Mrs. Fiske. Agreeable Creole comedy, charmingly played.

Hippodrome.—"Everything." Big demonstration of vaudeville, ballet and spectacle.

Hudson.—"Friendly Enemies," by Messrs. Shipman and Hoffman, with Messrs. Mann and Bernard. The American of German birth and his war-time troubles amusingly and pathetically depicted.

Little.—"Papa," by Zoe Akins. Notice later.

Longacre.—"Three Faces East," by Mr. A. P. Kelly. Spy drama, interesting and well done.

Lyceum.—"Daddies," by Mr. John L. Hobbie. Well played and amusing comedy of American bachelor life as modified by the influence of the French war orphans.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple," by Messrs. West and Moore. Crime melodrama in new and ingenious guise.

Madison Square Garden.—"The circus. See above.

Marine Elliott's.—"Tea for Three," by Mr. R. C. Megrue. Polite American comedy, brilliant and very well played.

Morisco.—"Cappy Ricks," by Mr. E. E. Rose. Messrs. Tom Wise and William Courtenay as the fun-making partners in a San Francisco shipping firm.

Park.—"Spanish opera company. Notice later.

Playhouse.—"Forever After," by Mr. Owen Davis, with Alice Brady. Elementary sentimental drama enlivened with a war touch.

Plymouth.—"The Jest," by Benelli, with Messrs. John and Lionel Barrymore. Notice later.

Princess.—"Oh, My Dear," by Messrs. Bolton, Wodehouse and Hirsch. Pleasing girl-and-music show in miniature.

Punch and Judy.—"Penny Wise." Somewhat amusing farcical comedy of Lancashire life.

Republic.—"The Fortune Teller," by Mr. L. G. Osmun, with Marjorie Rambeau. Drama of mother-love with some intense moments.

Selwyn.—"Tumble In," by Rinehart and Hopwood. Girl-and-music version of "Seven Days." Fairly diverting.

Shubert.—"Good Morning, Judge." Pinero's "The Magistrate" made into a reasonably diverting musical comedy.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Keep It to Yourself." Adapted from the French by Mr. Mark Swan. Laughable, but risky, bedroom farce.

Vanderbilt.—"A Little Journey," by Rachel Crothers. Sleeping-car comedy with a sentimental interest.

Winter Garden.—"Monte Cristo, Jr." Girl-and-music show with a big and gorgeous appeal to the t. b. m.

Ziegfeld's Frolic.—"Cabaret prescription for the alleviation of mid-night insomnia.



THE ONLY SAFE WAY

"IF THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT IS SO SLOW AND INEFFICIENT, HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO GET THOSE LETTERS FROM YOUR BOY?"
 "OH, HE BROUGHT THEM BACK WITH HIM."

The French Babies

LIFE has received, in all, for the relief of the French war orphans \$328,752.87, from which we have remitted to Paris 1,823,898 francs.

We have also received from an anonymous donor a small collection of jewelry to be disposed of and acknowledged "In Memory of David." The proceeds will be credited as soon as received.

We gratefully acknowledge from

In memory of Gladys Coursen, a sympathetic friend of all children, Chester, Md., for Baby No. 3679..... \$73
 "Texas," for Babies Nos. 3680 and 3681..... 146
 In memory of Manly Hardy Eckstorm, Chicago, Ill., for Baby No. 3683..... 73

RENEWALS: M. P. H., Glens Falls, N. Y., \$73; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Hartley, Pittsburgh, Pa., \$146; Margaret Campbell Love and Robert Maclure Love, Roslyn, N. Y., \$146; In memory of Caroline Merriam Pierce, Boston, Mass., \$73; Elinor, Jeanet, Constance, Nancy and Walter Sullivan, New York City, N. Y., \$73; Louise D. Green, Boston, Mass., \$73; Ethel Georgine Hughes, Montclair, N. J., \$73; Mrs. Caroline Stephenson, Sacramento, Cal., \$73; Miss Helen H. Elleau and Mrs. G. C. Fiske, Newark, N. J., \$73; G. A. Buckstaff, Oshkosh, Wis., \$36.50; Greenville Kleiser, New York City, \$73; The Staff of the Los Angeles Public Library, in memory of Dr. Hector Alliot, Los Angeles, Cal., \$73; Virginia Boardman, San Francisco, Cal., \$36.50; Mary Winifred Brown, Buffalo, N. Y., \$36.

PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: Mrs. Albert Sidney Johnson, Mount Sterling, Ky., \$42.20; Julia M. Nelson, Woodhaven, N. Y., \$20; Gertrude McNitt and Mildred E. Riley, Clouet, Minn., \$36.50; Herbert K. Salmon, Netcong, N. J., \$6; Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Hill, Nunn, Colo., \$7; Ruth Anne Santley, Columbus, Ohio, \$6; Ina Blue, Izetta Shales and Florence Sweetwood, Detroit, Mich., \$6; Winifred Morris, Dover, Del., \$3; Helen Barker, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., \$4; Anonymous, Philadelphia, Pa., \$6; The

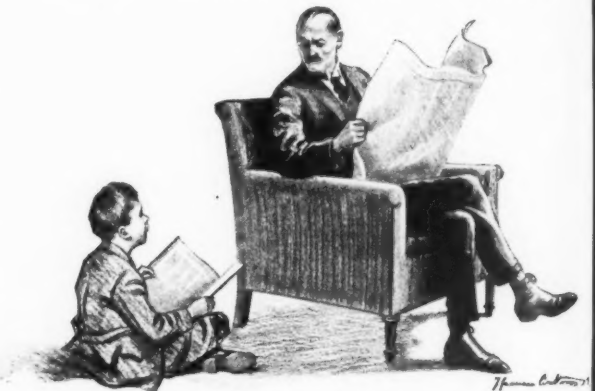
ladies of the Presbyterian Church of Appleton, Wis., \$6.10; Louise Henderson, Washington, D. C., \$5; Elizabeth Goodrich, Iowa City, Iowa, \$10; Frank S. Johnston, Charleston, S. C., \$10.

BABY NUMBER 3682

"Texas" \$54

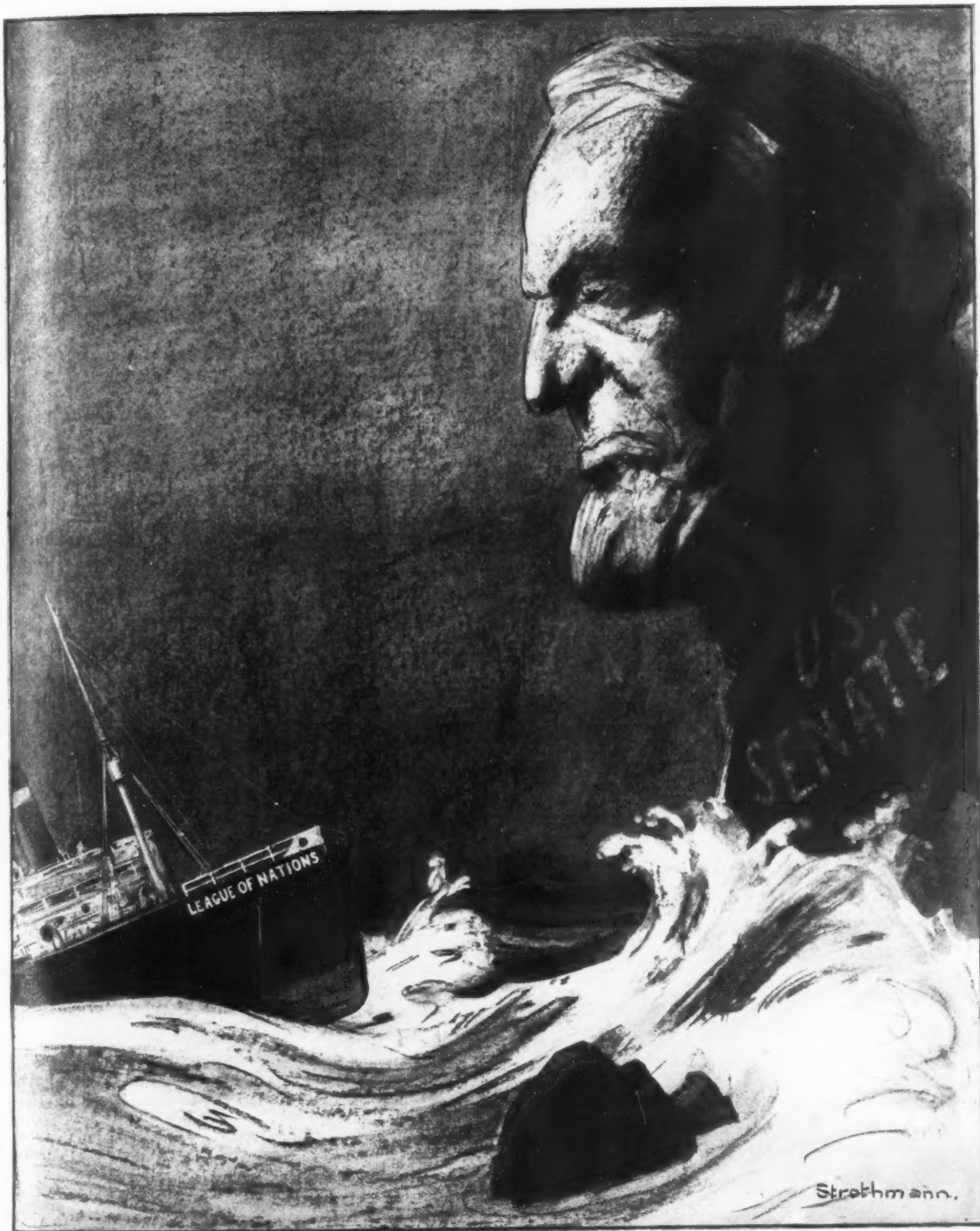
BABY NUMBER 3684

Homer Fire Department, Homer, N. Y., solicited by and forwarded through the Central N. Y. Volunteer Firemen's Association \$36.50



"WHAT'S PERSONAL LIBERTY, POP?"

Mr. Clubbitt: THERE'S NO SUCH THING, SON.



BREAKERS AHEAD

The Good Humor of the Public



THE New York Times, commenting amiably upon the Revenue Bill, asked the American public to accept it with good humor. Not that the bill was a good one. The Times knew it to be bad. But it might have been worse, inasmuch as no limit has been set to the stupidities Congress is capable of committing. Which inadequate cause for content is all that can be offered to the taxpayer.

If the American public is not good-humored, then there is no such thing as good humor in the world. It is so accustomed to being left out of consideration that it no longer asks to be considered. It is so accustomed to paying a great deal for what it doesn't want that no other form of administration seems possible to its disciplined spirit. It is bidden to save that the State may waste. Its taxes grow heavier as its pocket grows lighter. Once upon a time a conservative statesman ventured to say that it was the duty of every government to practice "a system of economy which would make a random expense, without plan or foresight, not easily practicable." The words sound as archaic as the Constitution of the United States, but they were meant for practical application.

No amount of good humor can make things other than they are. Even the patient public has begun to recognize this truth. It has not been amused by seeing the President stub the Senate, and the Senate thwart the President. It would like these noble disputants to stop quarreling, and look after the neglected interests of the country. It doesn't enjoy having the railroads, that used to be well run at a profit, now badly run at a loss, and to know that the bill for this ineptitude will be charged to its account. It fails to understand why food which is abundant should be as dear as food which was scarce, and it sighs for the bacon



"I'M ASHAMED OF YOU. YOU'RE ALWAYS FIGHTING."
"WELL, MOTHER, SUPPOSIN' THE LADY NEXT DOOR WAS TO PUT HER CHEWIN' GUM DOWN YER NECK, WOULDN'T YOU PASTE HER ONE?"



THE NEW MAID

Employer: WELL, HERE'S HOPING YOU'RE WORTH WHAT YOU'RE COSTING ME!

it once consumed; and the brimming glasses of milk that once its children drank. In restive moments it even wants the letters it mails and the boxes it expresses to reach their destinations. And this implies that the stock of national patience is running very low.

If the public would stop being good-humored for a while, it might—who knows?—make somebody pay some attention to its case. Tolerance is not the last word of citizenship. We are not here to endure, but to combat. We are not here to tolerate, but to mend.

Agnes Repplier.

The Modern Way

VISITOR (at demobilization camp): Now that the war is over, I suppose you boys will be beating your swords into plowshares?

CORPORAL COMEBACK: Like blazes! What we're going to do is hammer our tin derbies into dinner pails.



"GOODYEAR Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires are not only helping our trucks to last longer but they are lasting remarkably long themselves. We find that their strength, properly conserved, means exceptional mileage."—G. N. Burg, for M. Burg & Sons, St. Paul, Minn.

A set of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires has averaged 22,450 miles per tire for these wholesale furniture merchants.

The odometer already had checked off 20,000 miles before the first two tires were replaced, while the third reached 22,000, and the fourth ran past 27,800.

Of course, mileages of 15,000 to 25,000 are seldom obtained where tires are abused or neglected. This particular record reflects reasonable care given these tires.

Nevertheless they made their good scores despite being obliged frequently to carry full loads over bad railroad crossings and through unpaved and littered streets.

The company recently announced that Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires have replaced solid tires on all their trucks.

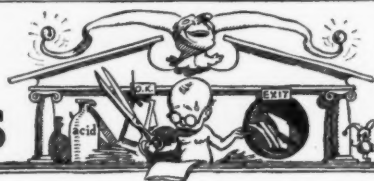
This is both because of their endurance and the fact that they have minimized mechanical trouble, lessened breakages in furniture, covered more ground, eliminated wintertime delays and reduced fuel and oil consumption.

Therefore this user, like many others, has benefited very definitely from each of the pronounced virtues of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires—namely, their toughness, cushioning and wider radius of action.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
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A Great Objection

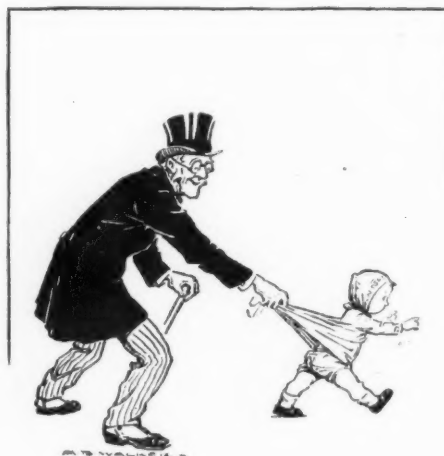
"I don't take any stock in these 'ere paytent medicines," asserted Lafe Lopp, a languid citizen of Wayoverbehind. "They're an enemy to the human race. S'pose, now, you are getting along all right, unable to work b'cuz you're sick; you're pretty miserable, of course, but people sympathize with you and respect you. And then somebody persuades you to take a few bottles of So-and-So, and you are cured and get your picture in the almanac. And forever afterward everybody wants to know why you don't go to work, dad-blame your ornery hide."

—Country Gentleman.

JUDGE (to witness): Why didn't you go to the help of the defendant in the fight?

WITNESS: I didn't know which was going to be the defendant.

—Boston Transcript.



YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW

A Wise Salesman

Mr. Babcock was driving through the country, trying to buy a mule. He was directed to a colored man who had one for sale.

"Do you want to sell a mule?" asked Babcock.

"Yaas, sah," replied the owner. "May I ask whar yo' live, sah?"

"What has that got to do with it?" queried Babcock.

"Well," explained the negro, "I ain't gwine ter transfer dat mule to nobody dat lives less dan two hundred miles away from here. When I sells dat mule I wants to git rid not only of de mule, but of all conversation appertainin' to him."—Harper's.

Explicit

"It is not always necessary to make a direct accusation," said the lawyer, who was asking damages because insinuations had been made against his client's good name. "You may have heard of the woman who called to the maidservant, 'Mary, Mary, come here and take the parrot downstairs—the master has dropped his collar-stud!'"—Windsor.

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Never gets
on your nerves



A ripe, mellow, aromatic Havana smoke—brimming full of pleasure but empty of regret.

Broker size 13c, 2 for 25c; other sizes 10c and up.

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GIRARD
Never gets on your nerves

Let a Box
of
Kuyler's
NEW YORK
Candies
be your
Easter
Greeting





Valley of the Ten Peaks, near Lake Louise

An Invitation to Canada

Under the stress of War, the Allies have learned many things, chief of which is that they have a common purpose, common ideals and a common humanity. War has made them better acquainted.

In the days of Peace this better acquaintance should continue, particularly between such near and good neighbors as Canada and the United States. It is for this reason that Canadians wish to emphasize that if any Americans decide to visit Canada this summer, they will be more welcome even than in the past.

They will find a country of unique grandeur and beauty if they come, for instance, to the Canadian Rockies. They will travel in Canada over a railway, the service of which has not been impaired by War, to hotels of which the Canadian Pacific is justly proud. They will moreover, find a standard of com-

fort which the experienced traveller appreciates.

But, most of all, Canadians desire Americans to know that they wish to get still better acquainted. They like to visit your country and would like you to come and see theirs.

In spite of the War the Canadian Pacific Railway has maintained its organization of offices and agencies in the United States and these are at your service for information and particulars.

President

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

MONTREAL, Easter, 1919

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

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Doctor J. M. Buckley, the Methodist divine, was asked one day to conduct an "experience meeting" at a colored church in the South.

A colored woman arose and bore witness to the preciousness of her religion as light-bringer and comfort-giver.

"That's good, sister!" commented Doctor Buckley. "But now about the practical side. Does your religion make you strive to prepare your husband a good dinner? Does it make you look after him in every way?"

Just then Doctor Buckley felt a yank at his coat tails by the colored preacher, who whispered ardently: "Press dem questions, doctor; press dem questions. Dat's my wife!"

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

MISS HAUTY: You are old before your time!

MR. NAUTY: Yes, but think of the time I had before I was old!—*Cartoons.*

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Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
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Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
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Anargyros
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture and refinement invariably **PREFER** Deities to any other cigarette

30¢

So to Speak

It was a deathbed scene, but the director was not satisfied with the hero's acting.

"Come on!" he cried. "Put more life in your dying!"—*Film Fun.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

"Does your husband play cards for money?"

"Yes, but I've given up hopes that he's ever going to get rich that way."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

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ART MAGAZINE

Publishes Cash Art Assignments, lessons and articles on Cartooning, Illustrating, Lettering, Designing and Chalk-Talking. Criticizes amateur work. Interesting, helpful, artistic. UNIQUE. Clara Briggs, Ryan Walker and other noted artists contributors. It will please you 10¢ a copy, \$1 per year. Send \$1. New stamps or bill to

G. H. LOCKWOOD, Editor
Department 452 KALAMAZOO, MICH.

NEW MISTRESS: How about the afternoon off?

NORAH: Sure, mum, take wan—I'm willin'.—*Boston Transcript.*

POWER THAT NEVER FAILS

PLUS ECONOMY

ON a Stromberg-equipped machine power response is immediate and there's enough to answer any need. There is a determined driving power that surmounts the most difficult of travel obstacles.

The New Stromberg has demonstrated by repeated tests that it consumes far less fuel in production of "sufficient" energy. It increases efficiency—and reduces expense in a manner that renders it absolutely essential equipment on any car. Send name, year and model of your machine for descriptive literature.

Stromberg Motor Devices Co.
Dept. 412, 64 E. 25th St.
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New STROMBERG Does it!
CARBURETOR



"LITTLE BOY, YOU ARE ALWAYS HANGING ABOUT IN FRONT OF MY STORE. WHAT'S THE IDEA?"

"I SEEN A MAN DROP A QUARTER HERE ABOUT A YEAR AGO."

Milburn

LIGHT ELECTRIC



The Modern Electric

—is beautiful, low swung and absolutely reliable—simple—rarely gets out of order.
 The Modern Milburn is also very fast and yields long mileage per charge.
 It is the easiest car in the world to drive and the most economical to maintain.
 It is also handsomely painted and trimmed. The rear seat will comfortably accommodate two or even three.
 Flush type auxiliary front seats are standard equipment and furnish room for two additional passengers.
 All models are now equipped with a quick exchange battery system by means of which, in a few minutes' time, a discharged battery can be easily rolled out and a fully charged one rolled in.
 Send for catalogue or ask for the address of our nearest Dealer.

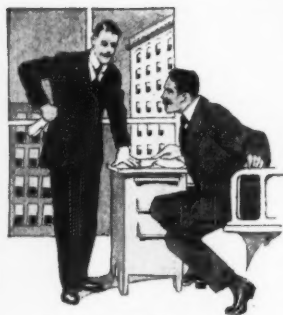
Price \$2185, f. o. b. Toledo

Established 1898

The Milburn Wagon Company
 Automobile Division

Toledo, Ohio

M



At the Office



For Evening Wear



For Every day use



For Outdoor Sports

Don't waste your energy

Let your heels save you. Leather heels transmit the jar of every step through your spine to your brain. The end of the day finds you fagged, weary, nervous.

Have a pair of Cat's Paw Rubber Heels put on your shoes—they will absorb the shock of every step you take. They will not let you slip—a little device called the Foster Friction Plug takes care of that.

Learn the joy of walking easily, safely, comfortably. Indoors and out, for work and play, you'll like Cat's Paws—the heels that never slip—that have no holes to track mud or dirt.

But be sure you ask for and see that you get Cat's Paws



CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

Black, white or tan. For men, women and children.
All dealers.

FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY
105 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

Originators and patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.



Hungry Pup: GEE! THIS IS LUCK! I'LL GO DOWN AND DIG UP THE BONE THAT SQUIRREL JUST BURIED."

My League and Me

IT was many and many a month ago
In that kingdom by the sea,
That a man went there, whom you may know,

To make the nations free:
And this man he had no other thought
Than his League of Nations—and he.

So he with his House did long abide
In that kingdom over the sea,
And they loved with a love that was more than love

That beautiful League—and he.
And that was the reason, as all men know,

The men in his own Countree,
Not half so happy in Washington halls,
Went envying his League—and he.

And that was the reason, as all men know,

A terrible wind they caused to blow,
That all the night long did never subside,
Chilling and killing his joy and his pride,
His beautiful League—and he.

And he said: "Go to: I am stronger by far

Than many far wiser than me,
And neither Repubs in the Senate halls
Nor Dems in my own Countree
Can ever dis sever my soul from the soul
Of my beautiful League and Me.

"And if all my pet schemes, my plans
and my dreams

For my beautiful League and Me
Should basely be slain (and naught
should remain)

By those men in my own Countree,
I will aye here abide and lie down by the side

Of my darling, my darling, my joy and
my pride,

My beautiful League—ah, me!—
In its tomb by the sounding sea."

Henrietta Keith.

"Do you think the motor will entirely
supersede the horse?"

"I hope not," replied Farmer Corn-
tossel. "There must be some market for
hay. I depend on what I make on hay to
buy gasoline."—*Washington Star*

Fine
Mello
+ a

Have you tried Tuxedo in the New Tea Foil Package? It has many advantages—Handier—fits the pocket. No digging the tobacco out with the fingers: Keeps the pure fragrance of Tuxedo to the last pipeful. Not quite as much tobacco as in the tin, but—10c.



Finest Burley Tobacco
Mellow-aged till perfect
+ a dash of Chocolate

Tuxedo
The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

"Your Nose Knows"

Guaranteed by
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The Ideal **CHASE** Upholstery

Leatherwove

*'Tis like the hide in most respects
In some respects 'tis better*

Made by Sanford Mills

For furniture and motor cars — a long wearing, rich appearing and economical upholstery fabric made to withstand hard usage — a sanitary, comfortable covering for all kinds of Furniture, most practical for Motor Car Upholstery. Chase Leatherwove will actually add several years to the life of your furniture or car at very little cost.

Specify Leatherwove when re-upholstering. Easily cleansed with soap and water, weatherproof — fast colors. Scores of beautiful patterns and colors.

Don't wait — at the first signs of wear consider new upholstery and ask your upholsterer for Chase Leatherwove — you will never regret it.

For years motor car manufacturers have endorsed this remarkable upholstery fabric — it meets every requirement of open-car upholstery — handsome to the eye — often outlasts the car. Don't accept substitutes — "just as good as Chase won't do!"

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- "What a Young Girl Ought to Know"
- "What a Young Woman Ought to Know"
- "What a Young Wife Ought to Know"
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INDIGESTION
25¢

6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION

Easy to Get

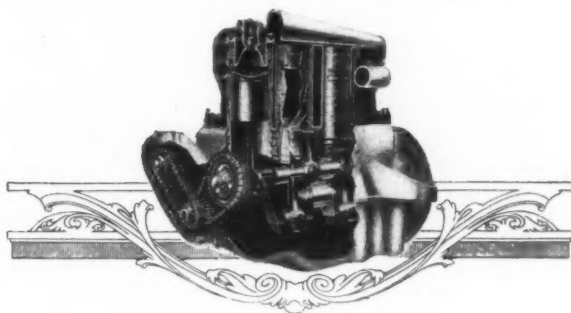
"WHAT'S the difference between capital and labor?"

"If I had to work and turn three-fourths of my wages over to you, that would be labor."

"Yes?"

"On the other hand, if you had to work and turn three-fourths of your wages over to me, that would be capital."

"Sleeve-Valve, the Motor that Always Runs"



OVER the mountainous route of the Cripple Creek-Colorado Springs Stage Line, seven Willys-Knight cars run on railroad schedule *every day of the year*. The grades vary from seven to nineteen percent, subjecting the motor to terrific strain. These Willys-Knight cars were put into service after twelve other kinds of cars had failed. The first car has covered 97,000 miles at a mechanical cost of \$149.80. The seventh has gone 30,000 miles without one cent for repairs to the motor. This indicates why the thousands of Willys-Knight owners refer enthusiastically to the sleeve-valve motor as *the motor that always runs*.

Willys
KNIGHT
Sleeve-Valve Motor

ASK FOR "THE STORY OF THE CRIPPLE CREEK STAGE"

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., Toledo, Ohio

Willys-Knight Touring—Four, \$1725—Eight, \$2750; Seven Passenger Sedan—Four, \$2750—Eight, \$3475. Prices f. o. b. Toledo.

CANADIAN FACTORY WEST TORONTO, CANADA

You Cannot Go Back

Q Do you remember when the American First army met the war-worn French at Chateau Thierry and the French Commander besought them to go back?

The American Commander's laconic reply was, "Go back—hell! We just got here and my orders are to go forward."

Has somebody said to you, "The war is over. Now you can go back to your old life?"

Don't believe it. There is no going back. The old order has changed. What you learned from the war, what you did and thought and sacrificed for the war and during the war has become now your everyday life. You cannot help it.

When the armistice was signed, was that the end? Was that our goal? Was that what we had fought and saved and worked and suffered for—just to make Germany stop fighting, just to get an armistice signed?

"Go back now! We only just got here! The orders are to go forward."

What you did and gave during the war was only the beginning of what you will do and give from now on.

The Fifth—the Victory Liberty Loan—will soon be here. Don't think you will ignore it. You will not. Don't think you have lost your interest in it. You have not. Your honor—the honor of your country is bound up in it.

Men of vision—you cannot go back to the old unheeding way. You are called to take your stand with a regenerated world. So much of sacrifice and pain and suffering do not belong alone to the yesterday of war that is past. They are the foundation upon which the reborn world is building its future—its hope of happiness, its guarantee of prosperity and peace.

GOVERNMENT LOAN ORGANIZATION
Second Federal Reserve District
LIBERTY LOAN COMMITTEE
120 Broadway - - - New York

This space contributed by the American Telephone & Telegraph Co.

**The
Victory
Liberty
Loan
represents
America's
share—
and your
share—
in the
future**



WHEN HE RETURNS

"**UNCLE** George," asked Rollo, always eager for information, "what is it that makes you so wise and witty?"

"It is very simple," replied Mr. George, deftly removing a superfluous eyelash with a pair of steel tweezers which he always carried in his waistcoat pocket for that purpose. "From my earliest boyhood I have been a regular, annual subscriber to LIFE, and each week I commit the contents of that week's issue to memory."

The Eternal Boy

I WAS surprised to find Staunton on a downtown corner the other evening, talking jovially to a boy who was struggling to stifle sobs. I paused, and heard Staunton say:

"Well, that's too bad! But cheer up, sonny." He found his wallet, and wrote on several cards.

"Here, lad," he continued, "go to the police station and give this card to Captain Jackson. He will instruct his men to be on the lookout. Then take these to the newspapers. Tell them to insert your advertisement and charge to me."

The boy's face brightened. He took the cards eagerly and started away.

"Hold on," said Staunton, taking out a bill; "you'd better offer this as a reward with no questions asked."

The lad stammered his thanks, then scampered up the street. Staunton looked after him, smiling. He seemed embarrassed when I spoke to him, but quickly assumed his air of dignified assurance.

As we strolled along I reminded him that he had promised me an exclusive interview on a big railroad merger he was putting through.

"Come to my office at five to-morrow," he replied. "I'll try to give you the information then."

The scoop meant a great deal to me. For weeks the newspapers had been discussing the merger. They had hinted scandal, and public interest was aroused. The truth promised a big story. And I felt a trifle flattered at Staunton's confidence, although his in-



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Winds any make or model phonograph electrically. Easily attached without marring woodwork—positive operation. Simply touch a button to wind your phonograph.

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The Difference that is Liberty

The first impression you get of the Liberty "Six" is a distinctiveness of appearance which instantly proclaims its good taste.

Its beauty is unusual, its charm of style unique.

These things unmistakably indicate quality of a high order which is impressively confirmed in the demonstration ride.

As driver, or as passenger,

one learns in the first fifteen minutes that there is a *marked difference* in the way the Liberty rides and drives.

Ownership demonstrates that this difference is due to downright goodness; and pride of possession grows as the miles multiply.

That's why, when you meet Liberty owners, you encounter such outspoken and unrestrained enthusiasm.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit



LIBERTY SIX



Exclusive
Havana Cigar
MADE IN BOND
U.S. GUARANTEE

— READ THE WHITE STAMP ON EACH BOX —

"CUESTA-REY"
TAMPA — SINCE 1884 — HAVANA

In a Nutshell

AT a teachers' institute in an Eastern city a speaker said that, in his opinion, "the trouble with the public-school system of to-day is: The teachers are afraid of the principals, the principals are afraid of the superintendent, he is afraid of the school committee, they are afraid of the parents, the parents are afraid of the children, and the children are afraid of nobody!"

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When he spoke again he reminded
e of a schoolboy suffering the burden
f a strange emotion.

"That red-headed kid found his
rg," he said.

James True.

4 JAX had fully intended to defy the
lightning, but the day being Tues-
ay, and Ajax being a regular sub-
criber to LIFE, he forgot all about it.

STEM

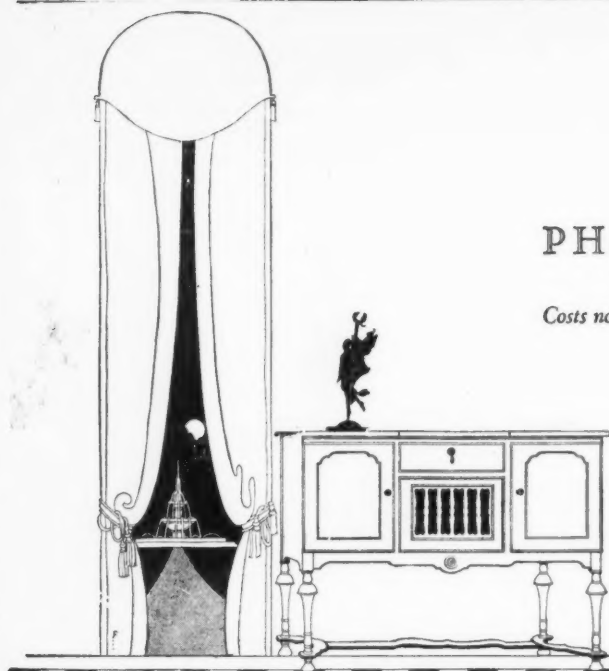
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METHOD

of great value to
outdoor record keep-

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is on your head
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Rochester,



Pathe PHONOGRAPH

No needles to change
Costs no more than ordinary phonographs

William and Mary Art Model—American walnut finish—Pathe perfect tone control; Pathe reproducer, Sapphire ball; Universal tone arm, rich metal trimming; silent motor \$215

Like a Drop of Water

The Pathe Sapphire Ball runs smoothly, silently, without wear. The clear, round tones of the music flow from the records; are not scratched off. No needles to change; no needles to wear the records; always ready to play.

The design, workmanship and selected woods of the simple instruments



at \$32.50, or the more elaborate Art Models, are of one quality and standard—the best.

In addition all Pathe models have a scientifically designed wood tone chamber, eliminating the blasting and metallic sounds in loud records. With the Pathe Controlla you can play any record loudly or softly with the same Sapphire Ball.

KEEP UP WITH BROADWAY

Pathe has the latest hits—first and best—usually six to eight weeks ahead—one-steps, jizzes and fox-trots craze; the newest songs while Broadway is still whistling them. Played with the Sapphire Ball, Pathe records are guaranteed to play 1000 times. Go to the Pathe dealer in your town; hear the liquid tone of the Pathe played with the Sapphire Ball. Your ear will hear the superiority of the Pathe tone.

PATHE FRERES PHONOGRAPH COMPANY

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Pathe Phonograph Company, Limited, Toronto, Can.

No. 12
A big, beautiful cabinet. Mahogany or oak (golden or fumed); Universal tone arm; Pathe perfect tone control; Pathe reproducer, Sapphire Ball; silent motor. All wood tone chamber \$140



No. 10
Mahogany or oak (golden or fumed); Universal tone arm; Pathe perfect tone control; Pathe reproducer, Sapphire ball; silent motor. All wood tone chamber \$120



The Pathe plays all makes of Records



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The Cause is Dandruff and Itching; The Remedy Cuticura

All druggists; Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25
Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

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and Dealers in
genuinely fine cigars
BACHIA & Co. N.Y.
Ask for Bachia's and get the

Why Do Some People Mistrust Him?

IT is a curious fact that among a number of men one meets, a certain proportion declare that they do not trust President Wilson. There is about his personality a strain of something vague and forbidding—an unknown zone of interrogation. The genial, open-faced personality of a Taft, the definite outline of a McAdoo, even the crude clap-trap of a Bryan, these are all patent; you can take them or leave them.

There was a Christian gentleman who prayed every night that he might love Woodrow Wilson, but prayed in vain.

On the other side, it is equally curious that those who adhere to Woodrow Wilson stick to him with a fanatical austerity that brooks not the slightest breath of dissent. Everything he does is the wonder of the world. George Creel and Baker and Burleson thus become saints of political virtue. To do things in secret because Mr. Wilson directs, is to do them as they can be done in no other way. The awed whisper is the symbol of the approach of the master.

In the meantime one fact is apparent. In this country the real test of a public man is, How long can he make himself interesting? When Woodrow Wilson becomes uninteresting he will go out. Saving the world for democracy will be forgotten.

MANY a man thinks he is anxious to please others, when the truth is that he is only anxious that others be pleased with what he does.

HAVAN
CIGAR

to 30¢ each
bs, Hotel
lers in
fine cigar
& Co. N.Y.
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Latest Books

The Paper Cap, by Amelia E. Barr.
(Appleton & Co., \$1.50.)

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trander. (W. J. Watt & Co., \$1.50.)

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Tender gums—a warning



**FOR
THE GUMS**

**BRUSH YOUR TEETH
WITH IT**

FORMULA OF

Forhan's Gums

NEW YORK CITY

SPECIALIST IN
DISEASES OF THE MOUTH

PREPARED FOR THE
PRESCRIPTION OF THE
DENTAL PROFESSION

Forhan's

**FOR
THE
GUMS**

COAST defense protects the life of a nation, gum defense the life of a tooth. On the gum line danger lies. If it shrinks through Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease) decay strikes into the heart of the tooth.

Beware of gum tenderness that warns of Pyorrhea. Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea—many under forty also. Loosening teeth indicate Pyorrhea. Bleeding gums, too. Remember—these inflamed, bleeding gums act as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

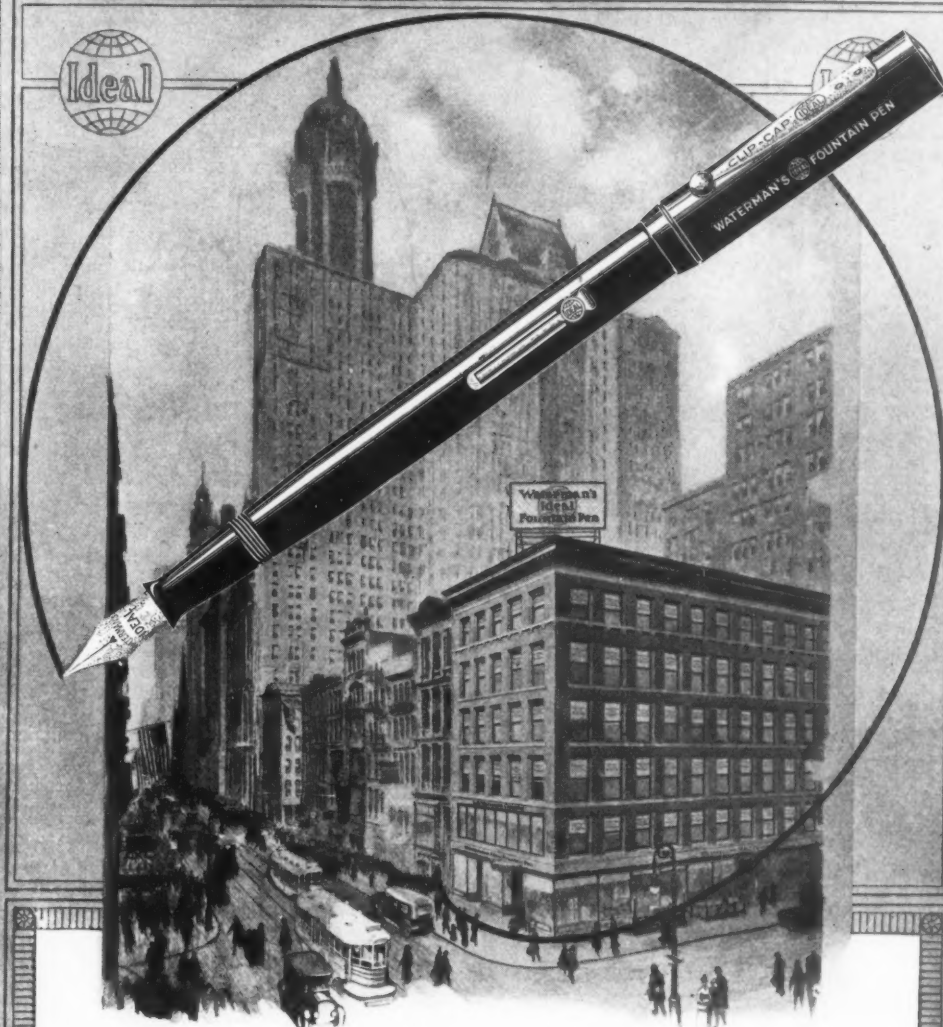
Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. As it hardens the gums the teeth become firmer.

Brush your teeth with Forhan's. It cleans the teeth scientifically—keeps them white and clean.

If gum shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

30c and 60c tubes
All Druggists

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Growth is inevitable when a concern is engaged in a business of SERVICE. From a small beginning 35 years ago the manufacturing activities attending the production of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen have expanded until to-day they embrace five factories, the output of which reaches every corner of the globe.

We take pride and pleasure in calling attention to the executive home of Waterman's Ideal. Here in well-appointed quarters are our 300 clerical employees and from here as a cen-

tral point we serve our thousands of dealers throughout the world and thus serve you.

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Best retail stores sell Waterman's Ideals.

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(Houghton Mifflin Company, 75 cents.)

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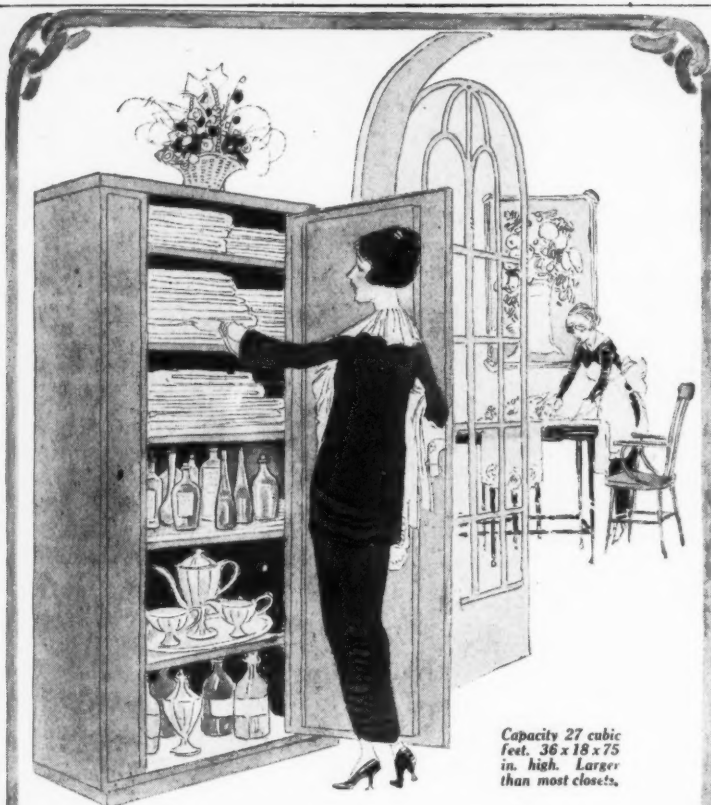
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Keep your valuables under lock and key

This Handsome Steel Locker Provides Safe and Convenient Storage for your Silver, Jewels, "Keepsakes," Linens, Wines and Other Prized Possessions.

Burglars and acquisitive servants—not to mention the "repair man," the "inspector," the "handy man" and other outsiders who have access to your home—cannot tamper with your silver and other possessions having intrinsic or sentimental value, if kept under lock and key in this strong, attractive household locker.

This handy steel locker may save you hundreds of dollars. It will prove a wonderful convenience and save you a world of worry.



Steel Home Locker "everything in its place"

The locker provides compact storage for silver, "keepsakes," linen and all kinds of valuables. Shelves are adjustable. This Lyon Locker is a handsome piece of furniture. Beautifully enameled in Oak, Mahogany or rich Scotch Brown finish. Fits into out-of-the-way corners, takes very little floor space.

Your responsibilities as chate-laine of the household will be lighter when your most prized possessions are safely stored in this locker and you alone carry the key.

Order the locker today direct from the factory without the slightest risk. If it doesn't satisfy you, we want it back.

PRICES (freight prepaid east of Denver)

Forty-seven Dollars—Scotch Brown Finish
Fifty-five Dollars—Oak or Mahogany Finish

Descriptive booklet on request

Lyon Metallic Manufacturing Company
121 Madison St., Aurora, Illinois

Makers of Quality Steel Products for Twenty-Five Years

My Magnificent System

In these days when the streets are so perilous, every man who goes about the city ought to be sure that his pockets are in good order, so that when he is run down by a roaring motor-truck the police will have no trouble in identifying him and communicating with his creditors.

I have always been very proud of my pocket system. As others may wish to install it, I will describe it briefly. If I am found prostrate and lifeless on the paving, I can quickly be identified by the following arrangement of my private affairs:

In my right-hand trouser leg is a large hole, partially surrounded by pocket.

In my left-hand trouser pocket is a complicated bunch of keys. I am not quite sure what they all belong to, as I rarely lock anything. They are very useful, however, as when I walk rapidly they evolve a shrill jingling which often conveys the impression of minted coinage. One of them, I think, unlocks the coffer where I secretly preserve the pair of spats I bought when I became engaged.

My right-hand hip pocket is used, in summer, for the handkerchief reserves (hayfever sufferers, please notice); and, in winter, for stamps. It is tapestried with a sheet of three-cent engravings that got in there by mistake last July, and adhered.

My left-hand hip pocket holds my memorandum book, which contains only one entry: *Remember not to forget anything.*

The left-hand upper waistcoat pocket holds a pencil, a commutation ticket and a pipe cleaner.

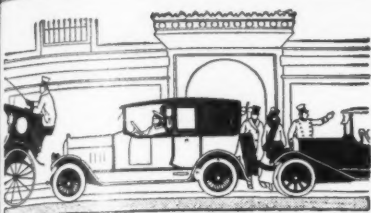
The left-hand lower waistcoat pocket contains what the ignorant will esteem scraps of paper. This, however, is the hub and nerve center of my mnemonic system. When I want to remember anything I write it down on a small slip of paper and stick it in that pocket. Before going to bed I clean out the pocket and see how many things I have forgotten during the day. This promotes tranquil rest.

The right-hand upper waistcoat pocket is used for wall-paper samples. Here I keep clippings of all the wallpapers at home, so that when buying shirts, ties, socks or books I can be sure to get something that will harmonize. My taste in these matters has sometimes been aspersed, so I am playing safe.

The right-hand lower waistcoat pocket is used for small



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CLOSE
TO ALL THEATRES
AND SHOPS

change. This is a one-way pocket:
exit only.

The inner pocket of my coat is used
for railroad timetables, most of which
have since been changed. Also a se-
lected assortment of unanswered let-
ters and slips of paper saying, "Call
Mr. So-and-so before noon." The first
thing to be done by my heirs after col-
lecting the remains must be to communi-
cate with the writers of those letters,
to assure them that I was struck down
in the fulness of my powers while on
the way to the post office to mail an
answer.

My right-hand coat pocket is for
pipes.

Left-hand coat pocket for tobacco
and matches.

The little tin cup strapped in my left
armpit is for Swedish matches that
failed to ignite. It is an invention of
my own.

I once intended to allocate a pocket
especially for greenbacks, but found it
unnecessary.

Christopher Morley.



W.L. Douglas

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

\$4.00 \$4.50 \$5.00 \$6.00 \$7.00 & \$8.00

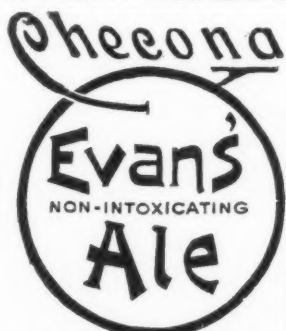
If you have been paying \$10.00 to \$12.00 for fine shoes, a trial will convince you that for style, comfort and service W. L. Douglas \$7.00 and \$8.00 shoes are equally as good and will give excellent satisfaction. The actual value is determined and the retail price fixed at the factory before W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

Stamping the price on every pair of shoes as a protection against high prices and unreasonable profits is only one example of the constant endeavor of W. L. Douglas to protect his customers. The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

CAUTION—Before you buy be sure W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom and the inside top facing. If the stamped price has been mutilated, BEWARE OF FRAUD.

For sale by 106 W. L. Douglas stores and over 9000 W. L. Douglas dealers, or can be ordered direct from factory by mail. Parcel Post charges pre-paid. Write for Illustrated Catalog showing how to order by mail.

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